

Title: An Axer No More

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A Short Poem

The axe I owned was nice.

 Born of Fire,

 Cooled in Ice.

 Only A Worthy
 warrior could wield it,

 But against a trained
 soldier, the finest metal
 could shield it.

 Day in and Day out
 you swing that axe.

 A few chops and a
 monster is stopped dead
 in its tracks.

 They say mastering
 the ways of the
 lumberjack,

 Will put a tad more
 power into your swing and
 hack.

 B.S. I say!

 Accuracy, steady hands,
 and a clear mind will pay
 your wages.

 Although I admit, It
 helps when mowing down
 mages.

 Recently Maces have
 gotten to me at last.

 Breaking armor and
 shields seems like such a
 blast.

 The Time comes
 when the hacking and
 axing becomes a chore.

 So Farewell my Axe
 I am an Axer no more.

-Bowley